

The MIDLAND

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No. I

HE FOUND SHELTER

HAROLD CROGHAN

The wind was blowing stronger now whirling trailing wisps of snow across the dim street. Looking out through the frosted window into the night was like staring into a world damned and deserted by God, a world of dark Ahriman, frozen, infinitely unfriendly. There was a cone of radiance under the lamp at Franklin Street and two faintly luminous lines where the car tracks swung a blunt arch out of Sedgwick Street. It seemed to Mann that he had never felt so vividly, so poignantly the mercilessness of nature. A man would freeze in the streets tonight, he would freeze stiff and solid, and the little whirlwinds of snow would spill over him unconcernedly. Mann had always had a curious savage resentment at the coldness, the measureless indifference of the earth to man.

Here he was warm. He had drunk his coffee long ago, even though he had prolonged the drinking of it until the last mouthful was cold and muddy. The Greek sprawled over the newspaper at the cigar counter was good natured. He knew now when people were good natured. Perhaps the Greek would let him stay a long while. It might be that the restaurant didn't close all night, and he might sit here where it was warm and watch the snow blow past the light at the corner of Franklin Street. That would be good. The nearest shelter was on Clark Street, south across the bridge . . . that would be a long walk, wouldn't it?

He stared down at himself with the old reluctance to admit himself, to identify himself with the long tired legs stiff with walking and cold; and he felt the old strangling sense of self pity. At first it had been resentment that he had felt and a brave hatred of the forces that had forced him out to take his turn at the shelters and soup kitchens, to drowse with the other bums in the library, to wash himself in stinking cavernous Comfort Stations. A tall old man stood in front of him one

night at the place on Green Street, an old scarecrow of a fellow with a long neck like a stick and his overcoat bunched in hard wrinkles over his buttocks. He grabbed the old man by the arm and swung him around. "Are we beasts?" he screamed. "Push along, goddam you! Are we beasts to be lined up like this and shiver for our barn to open?"

"Yes, I guess that's it. It don't do no good to goddam anybody."

The bitterness had passed. It had been replaced by a kind of dazed unreality, a sense of physical unwellness. Existence had been keyed down to an uninteresting struggle to be warm, to avoid stark hunger. That was all now. He could not hate the people he begged from in the streets, who gave him dimes or nickels sometimes. They were too close to him, they looked so sad, so driven. They were so much like himself.

He could not hate Society. That was animism. He hated nothing. He hated nobody. His weary mind had become very reasonable and active and persistent like a ticking clock, stringing out platitudes that tortured him like fever dreams. There were times indeed when the sense of unreality drowned him, when he seemed to have died as an individual and to have survived as a tiny swirl of the thick stream of all living that hurried on and on frantically alive on a dead earth.

The snow slapped and scratched against the window. Mann shivered and looked into the empty cup in front of him on the white table. A crack ran across the porcelain table top like a river drawn in a map and into it flowed lesser cracks. Three lesser streams. He traced them with a finger and raised his eyes warily. The Greek was looking over at him, blinking sleepily. "This is a cold night, dad."

"Yes, isn't it?" He had known the man was kind.

"Here, do you want part of the paper?"

Mann took the paper, the soles of his old shoes flopping as he crossed the floor. "Thanks."

He sat down and lighted the butt of a cigarette that he had been saving. How comfortable this was. How warm. And the sharp contrast, the beautiful sense of security in watching the snow flurries tumble and dance their death dance in the street. . . . He drew the smoke in deep and read that "At a candle light ceremony in the Hillsdale home of Robert W. Childs on Saturday evening Barbara Childs and Warren Torrence Stanford were married. Smilax and white roses were used. . . ." He read how "a number of young folks on the North Shore will be made especially happy this week end by the arrival of their favorite people from out of town. Frederick Lawrence's fiancée, Marie Francoise de Lerde . . ." And, "Just as sweet and winsome as her sister, said friends of the Frank M. Gosdens when their younger daughter Marianne was presented to society. Marianne's gown was green and silver lame, and her bouquet was a great armful of orchids." The irony of this kind of thing pleased him. Obvious irony, heavy and understandable. They were going to have summer music in Chicago too. By God, now wasn't that splendid? The minutes slipped past rapidly, pleasantly. The restaurant smelled of grease and onions and coffee. It was warm, so blessedly warm.

He drowsed a little and the society page of the *News* slid down and the younger daughter of the Frank M. Gosdens stood on her head a little while and then tumbled down over his broken shoes to be kicked off to the floor. He slept, his head nodding. He dreamed that he was in a street car running west on the avenue where he used to live. No street car had ever run on that street but there he was; it was night and the trolley car trundled along past the lighted intersections and stopped before the elevated station. There he was conscious of a portentous earth trembling that shook the car and made his head bob. He jumped up in terror. People were fighting and falling in the aisle and throngs were rushing out of the elevated station and pounding through the streets. There was a pulsing in the air that hurt his ears. . . .

"Listen, dad."

"Yes." The Greek was shaking him. He sat up quickly, wide awake, apprehensive. "Yes. What is it?"

"I got to close up now. You got any place to go?"

"There's a shelter on Clark Street south of the

bridge. Yes, I guess I can get in over there. It's pretty late but a fellow they call Benny knows me." He looked out the window. How the snow ran across the paving. How bitter cold it would be out there. "You say you're going to close?"

"I got to close. I tell you what, dad, I'll give you a drink that will keep you warm maybe. What do you say to that?"

The Greek clapped him on the shoulders. Mann got up, rubbing his hands eagerly, and followed the other back to the kitchen. It was so long since he had had a drink, and it did keep a person warm. He felt immeasurably grateful. What should he say to this good fellow? "You're generous, young man. What's your name? Perhaps some day I'll repay you. Who knows?"

"Sure. Who knows? My name is Panagopolos. What's your name, dad?" He poured two inches of muddy whiskey. "This will help you to get over to Clark Street. Drink her down." He slopped down a glass of water beside the whiskey.

Mann downed the drink and gasped and swallowed a drink of water.

"Do you want another?"

"All right, sure. You bet I would."

The whiskey made him drunk almost instantly. He said "Goodnight," and "Thanks, you're a good Hellene," and walked out through the swinging kitchen door and through the warm, bright restaurant, past the table where his coffee cup sat beside the river in diagram. He opened the street door and walked out into the storm. The cold struck him in the face, cold so intense that it registered in his brain not as cold, but a sharp paralyzing pain. He walked east into the wind and the grey hosts of the storm charged past him howling.

And yet there was in him a glowing kernel of warmth that did not feel the cold, and a crazy reckless happiness that made him swing his arms and hold up his chin. He staggered along at a good rate and felt strong and unafraid.

He began to talk to himself. "My name's Mann. Robert Stanley Mann. My mother used to call me Robbie. Yes, indeed. She would feel bad to know that Robbie was an old man with holes in his shoes. This is one of the coldest nights we've ever had in Chicago. Yes, indeed. My name's Mann. R. S. Mann. I've been out of work since two years ago last month." He started to shiver uncontrollably and to stumble now and then. The shivering and the stumbling amused him. He giggled and tacked along, his head up

and his hands pushed into the pockets of the old overcoat that bellied and flopped in the wind.

After a while the heat inside him faded into a numbness and he felt sleepy and indifferent. He did not mind when he fell. The cold was intolerably painful but he did not attend to it. It was irrelevant and uninteresting. It seemed to him stupid and absurd that he should have to walk face on into the wind so he turned south and staggered along Wells Street, keeping close to the buildings. The instinct to save himself asserted itself and fought the indifference that the whiskey urged on him. But he kept falling. It was increasingly hard to get to his feet. He walked on and on. He was aware that in a curious reversion of infantilism he was crying. And that he had never stopped shivering. Near Grand Avenue it occurred to him that there might not be a bridge on Wells Street. To save himself he couldn't remember. But he did remember that he had got warm one night in the Raklios Cafeteria on Clark and Division. He stopped in front of a stone building with a legend in grey letters across the black windows. He could read it. It said Printing Letter Heads Bills. He determined to go back to Division Street. It took him a long time to get back to Division; once he turned in a half stupor and walked west with the wind, and he had

to retrace his steps to Wells again, crying and swearing and half insane with despair. His hands were freezing. He had to get in some place or he was going to die. He wasn't too drunk to know that. But gradually the pain ebbed, the cold felt less intense against his face. He didn't feel much of anything. There were moments now when he was completely unconscious, when he walked through spasms of nothingness.

He crossed Division Street at La Salle. It took him a long time to get across the street. He clung to the lamp post there with the snow and the wind beating him softly. He realized briefly that he was freezing to death. And he remembered with his strange reasonableness that all men would walk alone and humble into the pity of death. He pressed his face against the post and the cold iron pulling at his skin as he fell was the last thing he felt. He was aware of no more suffering. But he got up and turned and walked on again into the storm. He fell in front of the mouth of the alley running into Division Street between La Salle and Clark and he lay snuffing weakly with his mouth in the snow. He got to his hands and knees and crawled into the alley. He did not crawl far. He stretched out quietly with his arms doubled over his head. The snow drifting around him made him seem very flat as he lay against the earth.

RICH PEOPLE

ELEANOR BARNHART CAMPBELL

Lillie Nelson never gave her folks a particle of trouble until she got to running around with Becky Horowitz. She always came straight home from school, changed immediately into an old dress, practiced an hour on the piano, and then pitched into whatever work was to be done. She was a bright, sensible girl who could do most things around the house every bit as well as her mother. After she finished the supper dishes, she would help put the baby to bed and then do her home work. She always got a lot of housework done before she left in the morning. She wasn't fussy about her clothes, like most girls her age, and she wasn't boy crazy, either. Pretty soon she would be through the eighth grade and then she could get a job in the box factory, or the knitting mill, maybe, and begin bringing a little something in. Everybody said that Mrs. Nelson was raising her Lillie real nice.

Hardly less was to be expected of decent, hard working Americans like the Nelsons. They had lived on Third Avenue long before the Jews got so thick around there that you couldn't walk to the car-line, hardly, without tripping over a dozen dirty brats crawling all over the sidewalk, or bumping into some absent minded old duffer with whiskers clear down to his knees. The Jews! They drove Mrs. Nelson wild. Feather beds hanging over porch railings any hour of the day! All that outlandish jabber, jabber, jabber! So much excitement about nothing at all! You'd think that something terrible must have happened this time, sure, and it would turn out to be nothing more than Mrs. Levine's Sarah had lost a penny through a crack, or that little shrimp of an Izzy Ermanski had got honorable mention in the *Journal Junior*. They had the craziest ideas: Sunday on Saturday and everything having to be kosher,

whatever that meant. And smells! Why, the whole neighborhood smelled to high heaven with their everlasting garlic and fish and goose grease. Imagine cooking with goose grease instead of good lard and bacon drippings!

Mrs. Nelson wanted to move some place where she could entertain her G. A. R. ladies without feeling so ashamed, but Mr. Nelson swore it would take more than a bunch of big nosed Sheenies to crowd him out of the house he'd lived in for fifteen years. Where else could they find so comfortable a house with a big, shady yard running clear down to the creek at the back, so there was plenty of room for the kids and chickens and a garden, all within walking distance of his work? They had a good fence around their place; they didn't have to mix with the neighbors.

Afterward, of course, he saw what a mistake they'd made. They should have taken warning the time they heard Lillie say to her piano teacher that, well, yes, it was getting so there were more Jews than Gentiles in her school, but somehow she kind of liked them. They were so lively. It was fun to hear them talk. "England hass much voolen meels." "Dese wegetubbles." Most of them were awfully smart, though. You had to work like the dickens to keep them from getting the best marks. They could dramatize anything to perfection. You should see Becky Horowitz playing the part of Pocahontas; it was simply thrilling. Becky was awfully pretty, anyway; and she had such big brown eyes and such black hair, naturally curly. Just think, she wore a pair of solid gold ear-rings that belonged to her great, great grandmother!

Becky Horowitz! It wasn't long until Mrs. Nelson was wishing she had never heard the name. First it was, "Becky Horowitz and I both got a hundred all month in spelling." Then it was, "Becky and I have to practice a duet for the Thanksgiving Program." And later, "If I finish the ironing this morning, may I go to the library with Becky after school?" And again, "You know, Mamma, Becky says that Christian houses smell just as funny to Jews as their houses do to us." Christian houses smelled funny! Mrs. Nelson opened her mouth, but words failed her. My God, she thought, what is the world coming to when a child of mine stands there and says a thing like that. She's actually getting *chummy* with them Sheenies. I'm going to tell her Papa he's got to put a stop to it.

And so Lillie quit mentioning Becky's name at

home. But she was never again the same sweet, biddable girl. Mr. Nelson said, pshaw, it was just her age; girls got bull-headed in their teens, too, but Mrs. Nelson knew better. It was nothing but the bad influence of that bold little Sheenie.

It used to be that Lillie was content to stay at home, except for going to Hope Chapel Sundays and downtown to a show at the Unique once in awhile. She got her pleasure out of fooling with the baby and crocheting and playing on the piano, and that was all right. But now she had to run down to the public library, and, not satisfied with staying there all Saturday afternoons, she had to lug home all the books they would let her have. So much reading was an awful bad habit for a girl to get into.

Christmas, Lillie had always been pleased with a nice hair-ribbon and a bottle of perfume, or something like that, but this year she kept teasing for a pair of skates. Mr. Nelson thought that wasn't such a bad idea; Lillie was kind of pale and skinny and maybe the exercise would do her good. But Mrs. Nelson knew exactly how it would be; Lillie would get to racing up and down the creek with that Becky person and get more fool ideas into her head. And when Lillie began to talk about wanting to go to high school, she said to her husband, "There, what did I tell you? There ought to be a law to keep them dirty Sheenies out of the country."

As for Lillie, she did wish that her folks weren't so down on the Jews. After all, Jesus was a Jew, wasn't he? Lots of famous people were Jews. When you stopped to think about it, there was something kind of wonderful about the Jews. Just think of them going way back hundreds and thousands of years B. C. and staying Jews all that time in spite of persecution and everything. Lillie looked at Becky's dark, excited face, at the dangling earrings and the red plaid dress with the black lace collar, she listened to Becky's foreign accents, and she felt deeply thrilled. Why, it was just as though her special chum had stepped right out of the Old Testament! But she never could explain to her folks just how she felt about Becky. She guessed that her Pa and Ma were what you would call narrow-minded. She and Becky had wonderful long talks about being broad-minded and all that. Becky said it made her Ma just as mad for her to go with a Gentile girl. Shiksa! Sheenie! Lillie and Becky did a lot of giggling about how funny their mothers were. They agreed it was best to say nothing at home but to

go on meeting at the bridge or the library whenever they could. After all, what was there so terrible about their being friends? The United States wasn't Russia.

Lillie loved to hear Becky tell what she could remember about Russia. My, what a tough time the Jews had over there! Lillie wouldn't have traded places with Becky for the world; yet, she couldn't help feeling a sort of envy. Becky's life had been so much more interesting than hers. Already, she had travelled across the ocean and seen New York and could speak three languages. She was going to take French and Latin in high school. That would make five. Lillie made up her mind that she was going to high school, too.

That summer, Lillie worked in the box factory. She started at four dollars a week, but soon was put on piece work and sometimes made as much as six dollars and a quarter. She never brought home a cent of the extra money. It was a terrible thing to do, but she gave it to Becky who hid it somewhere for her. It would come in handy for books and lunches. And sure enough, her folks hadn't meant it at all when they said that maybe she could go to high school in the Fall — they'd see. There was an awful row when she quit working.

Lillie said she wasn't going to work in a factory all her life. Or get married, either. She was going to Be Somebody and Go Places. You couldn't get anywhere nowadays without an education. Why, even the poorest Jews sent their kids to high school. In the end, Mr. Nelson said she could go, this year, anyway. After all, Lillie was a lot of help around the house and you couldn't have people saying you kicked your only daughter out because she was so hell bent on having a fancy education. Mrs. Nelson felt better when she thought of how she could squelch Sister Dorsey by mentioning, careless like, "My daughter that's in High School." But she couldn't help being scared stiff that, next thing, Lillie would be getting stuck on some Jewish fellow. North High was lousy with them. She'd have to watch her like a hawk.

High School was hard work but lots of fun. They called themselves Lillian and Rebecca, now, and they did everything together. They sweat over Algebra and shone in English. During the long walks to and from school, they repeated their Latin conjugations and discussed Life and Religion and Literature. They liked deep books. They were crazy about George Eliot. But when, somehow or other, they both got on the Freshman de-

bating team, they had to give up the fiction for awhile. They were too busy looking up a lot of stuff about the education of the Negro in the South.

It was about that time that Lillian began to spend more and more time at Rebecca's house. You couldn't stand up, take a deep breath, and declaim, "Honorable Judges, Ladies and Gentlemen —" at Lillian's house. Her mother couldn't stand having anything unusual going on, and, besides, she's have a fit to hear anyone arguing that the Federal government should subsidize the South for the education of the Negro. Niggers, Sheenies, Dagoes, they were all too overbearing already. There ought to be a law —

No, it was more comfortable at Rebecca's, now that Mrs. Horowitz wasn't quite so rabid about the Shiksa. The Horowitzes had moved from their basement rooms into a much nicer place. They had a real bathroom and a telephone and a piano, now. That was one thing about the Jews, they always managed somehow to get ahead. Lillian wondered if maybe that wasn't the main reason the Gentiles disliked them so. She thought everything was so interesting at Rebecca's house. She always felt different there, sort of lit up, the way she felt at a show. There was always something going on, people running in and out, laughing, exclaiming, arguing. She liked the way rugs were draped over the couch; she liked the big cushions, the great brass samovar, and especially the silver candlesticks. She liked the way the piano always stood invitingly open and books and papers were scattered about. Music was such a different affair here. Someone would just happen to sit down at the piano, and pretty soon they would all be singing and maybe the fellow next door would come over with his violin and his little sister might do a lovely dance. Or, maybe, someone would read something in the paper that made him mad and he would jump up and deliver a regular speech, pounding the table and shouting. These people were so different. They weren't afraid to say what they thought, or to show how they felt.

They had such a nice time Friday evenings, Lillian thought. Twice she had supper with them, though she had to pay for it later at home. She liked the festive air, the lighted candles, the sing-song prayers, the gefillte fisch, the noodles, and the blintzes. Her mother always had a big, hearty dinner on their Sabbath, too, but it didn't have any special meaning to it. Plenty of pot roast and

gravy, but no mellow candle light, no ceremonies, nothing you could take hold of and say, "This is a tradition among my people."

The second time that Lillian had supper at Rebecca's, she didn't get home until after nine o'clock. There had come up a rain, and so Rebecca and one of her brothers and her brother's chum took her home. Mrs. Nelson practically slammed the door in their faces, and told Lillian she had stood all she was going to. Lillie could just make up her mind to quit spending all her time at the library and over at the Sheenies. "And see here, this report card of yours, I'm simply not a-going to sign it. You can tell your teachers why."

However, it seemed much simpler for Lillian merely to sign her mother's name herself. Other kids did that. But it wasn't three days before she was called to the principal's office. The principal said he wanted to know why her mother hadn't signed her report card. He had it right there on the desk in front of him. Lillian had an awful time trying to think what to say; gosh, she hadn't dreamed that The Principal, Himself, examined each and every signature. Finally, she thought up a good one; she said her mother had cut her right hand pretty badly and her father wasn't home, so she wrote her mother's name for her. And then —

Oh, it was terrible! The principal fished out a letter about a mile long and fairly roared at her, "You say your mother wasn't able to sign her name, and still she could write me a letter like *that*!" Then he went on to give her a long lecture about how hard her folks worked to give her a good education and what a shame it was for her to be so wilful and disobedient and chase around with the boys and all that nonsense. Lillian nearly died. She couldn't keep from crying and she couldn't find her handkerchief — it was awful. Finally the principal pulled out his own handkerchief and said, "Now, now, now, wipe your nose and tell me what the trouble is. Why can't you and your mother get along?"

So Lillian told him pretty nearly everything. It wasn't so hard, once she got started and he quit looking so fierce. When she mentioned getting ready for the debate, he seemed surprised. "On the Freshman Debating Team, eh?" Then he turned her card over and looked for a long time at her marks.

Well, it was a good card. Five subjects and all double plusses, except for that one plus in Algebra. He should have looked at her marks in the

first place, for now he said, "Humph! Well, young lady, I'll say this much: I have been dealing with high school boys and girls for a long time and I never yet found a girl with a card like this who had much time to chase around with the boys. . . . I think perhaps your mother won't worry quite so much about you from now on. I'll write her a letter and you must do your part."

He was awfully nice to her then. He said we all had our troubles. Our families loved us, but didn't always understand us. "You'd be surprised to know how often *my* family fails to understand *me*." Lillian felt so much better, so much older and wiser. She hadn't realized that a principal was human like anybody else. As she was leaving the office, he called her back. "One thing interests me very much," he said. "Why are you so devoted to your Jewish friends? Why do you like them so much? Have you ever thought about that?"

How Lillian longed for an inspiration! She felt that this was a Really Important Question, requiring a brilliant answer. There was a special sort of feeling she had about the Jews, but she had never thought much about it, and now she could not find words to describe it. And then, of course, the bell had to ring and a teacher came into the office, so all she could do was to mumble stupidly, "Oh, I don't know. I just kind of like them, I guess."

Later, though, when she was washing and ironing the principal's handkerchief, she thought it all out. It came over her all of a sudden that she had very much the same sort of feeling once, long ago, when she was just a little girl. It was the time she had a ride in an automobile. Her Uncle Ed was chauffeur for a swell family that lived on Lowry Hill, and one evening he took them all for a ride. It wasn't the ride she remembered now, but her uncle's telling all about the house and the way they lived, the people he worked for. They had so much more fun than poor people. They didn't spend all their time working and eating and sleeping. They didn't have to do the same old thing in the same old way, day after day. They had lots of company, they went away to college, they went abroad. Their family tree went way back to the *Mayflower*. Their house was full of heirlooms and souvenirs. They had a conservatory with a real banana plant in it, and a room full of books they called a library. They even had a separate music room. Mrs. Nelson whispered that Ed was such a brag, you couldn't believe half he

said, but Lillian loved to believe that such things could really be. Her uncle had said, "Oh, they've got a lot more than the rest of us, I can tell you. They're *rich* people."

Rich people, that was it! She didn't mean money rich; the Jews she knew weren't any better off than her folks, that way, but they had so much more in their lives. All their traditions, the deep feeling they had about their religion and their people, their love of good books and music and beautiful things — all these were as real and important to them as something to eat. . . . Yes, they were rich people.

Lillian wished she could tell someone right away what she was thinking. She might try springing her new idea on her mother, but she guessed she had better not. It had been hard enough to explain what she was doing with a boy's

handkerchief, even though the principal's letter had helped a lot. She might have a chance to tell the principal, himself, when she took his handkerchief back, but the chances were he would be out. If only she hadn't been so dumb, the other day!

Oh, well, when she got through school and became a famous authoress, she could write something and put that in about the Jews. There were ever so many nice literary words she could use in writing about the Jews. Emotional, for instance, and colorful, and oriental. Dramatic and poetic. Intellectual, too, and enterprising. Religious, of course, and long suffering and enduring. She liked the sound of words like Israel, Hebraic, Feast of the Tabernacles, the Fast of the Day of Atonement. Yes, Lillian felt that she might really write quite an effective little sketch, some day. She decided she would call it, "Rich People."

WINTER

RAYMOND KRESENSKY

The leafy bough is still here
Within the cold brown bark.
Hand's caressing can not stir it
Nor can touching on the seasonal mark
Your human magic move it.

Mind sees a greening stem
(And blood reddening the snow)
In faith pinning on leaves
Of "I know. I know"
While the leafy bough waits its season
Without faith — without reason.

AN EVENING'S INCIDENT

MARGARET E. LEWIS

When the brothers found themselves alone with a flat tire and no pump in their possession, they began to realize clearly what fools they had been to have driven to and fro over the faces of the sagey hills in pursuit of this solitary path. It was a path shaggy with brush except where the wheels of cars had drawn their tracks upon it, and bearing along its left edge a deep gully carved out of the feet of the hemming hills by the heavy rains of spring. Three o'clock of the afternoon had left the young men stranded here, and now they stood

looking at each other in a mocking irony. They had curiously whimsical faces — slow reluctant lips, sleepy grey-green eyes, and foreheads troubled by the shades of reveries half-gnomish.

"Well, Dick," chuckled Fred, the older of the two, "I guess we're stuck for life. Who else would ever think of driving this way? Imagine staying here until we're ancient."

But imagine! Even at the ridiculous idea Fred felt a sudden wicked twinge. He was a large handsome fellow with, beneath the windblown

tousle of his yellow hair, a face modeled sharply and yet bearing the gentleness of childhood.

"Yes, imagine it!" Dick laughed indifferently, sitting down upon the running board of the car.

Fred too sat down and, in the lavendered fragrance of the wild lilac that came blowing up about him, he watched the round sun shelve slowly away to the west, traced across the sky the transient lines of distant dipping birds, but with a feeling of wistful poverty. He wanted something more than this — passion; to be admired and loved by women, to have their adoring faces gathered eagerly about him attending to his voice. Yet whenever he actually stood among these women he would find himself turned suddenly frightened and speechless. Out of this very fear of his he had come to create one woman of whom he had no need of ever being shy, but to whom he could always freely talk, pouring out himself at her feet. And now slowly, reassuringly, the image of this girl — tall and slender, with a mild face, blue eyes, golden hair — enters the empty afternoon, and taking his brother's place she seats herself upon the fender of the car.

Fred says to her, "You know it's strange how at times a person can feel as though we were looking into forever."

"Yes," she replies, "and then at other times, just as though it were only for an instant — like a flower. 'The flower fadeth, the grass . . .'" How do they go — these verses which through Fred's boyhood he has so often heard his father read aloud? The familiar voice of the past melts into the shining girl's bright music, "The flower fadeth, the grass . . ." And sun sinks lower, birds' wings beating through its burning face. Staring into that feathered flame Fred feels a warm contentment enfolding him — such peace, such shining dreams, while time goes slipping quietly away.

"Of course no one is going to come," Fred sighed at last slowly rising.

Dick too got slowly to his feet stretching himself. "No, no one will come."

And in silence once more, they stood watching the red sun drop through the coppered haze of the west. Followed an amber pause.

"Well, are we going to stay here all night?" Dick questioned dreamily. But just as he asked, as though a miracle were being performed before their eyes, the two men saw the lights of an automobile turning the angle of the hill and sliding hesitantly towards them. Shouting, eagerly ges-

tulating, Fred hurried to meet those lights. And as he ran he saw how first the front wheel of the machine, and after it the back, went slipping into the gully, slowly at first, then quickly, until the car lay slant against the breast of the hill. A child let out a baby cry; another, older, whimpered.

Fred ran up panting. "Nothing's the matter; you're all right. Just a little stuck. But, I say, have you a pump?" By this time he was leaning upon the car window peering intently into its slanted darkness. Beside him he distinguished the outlines of a girl who kept her head bent from him. Beyond her, above the steering wheel, hovered a woman's pallid face. In the dipped corner behind two children were huddled whimpering.

"But here," Fred exclaimed, suddenly flushing at his negligence, "you'd better come on. We'll help you pull her up, don't worry." And opening the door for them, he stood aside to let them out — first the girl, then the woman, then the children. Their voices echoed distinctly against the cycled hills, but evening cloaked their forms in mist. Under its vagueness Fred saw that the woman was large and gone a little grey, that the two children were very fair, and above all that the girl, tall and consumptively thin, was so dark that, beneath the tangle of her rough black hair, even the natural pallor of her brooding face showed overcast in gloom.

"Yes, we'll pull you out," Fred repeated softly, looking at the woman, but letting his eyes tail on to the slender girl. "Have you a pump? We're stranded here with a flat tire."

The woman gave a queer, half-panicky laugh, nodding her head; the children whimpered again. "Yes," she said, "but what a fool to go into that rut!"

"Not such a fool; it's evening and hard to see. We'll get you out." He called, "Dick, Dick, some help!"

Dick came running. "Have they a pump?" he asked, scarcely glancing at any of them.

Fred nodded, sliding under the steering wheel while Dick, the woman, and the girl clambered upon the opposite running board — and so with a rush of power they pulled out the car.

"Since there's a wash-out below," Fred said, "you'd better not go on. I'll turn you about here." And he maneuvered the machine until he had it facing up hill. Then they all went down the road together; Dick swinging the pump, Fred empty-handed walking between the woman and the girl, the two children trailing out behind. Their feet

moved crisply through the sage and gravel with curious patterns of rhythm — Fred's and Dick's heavy, the children's little and pattering, the woman's soft yet firm.

In the west a star was brightening; below, among the horizon mists, the gold lights of the cities one by one were twinkling into gilt. And as though in a dream Fred found himself being compelled towards the quiet girl. The hands swinging at his sides began to throb. His throat and lips ached. Yet he could speak nothing. Turning in fear from the silence of her face he addressed the older woman, "We've been here since three o'clock waiting for the chance of someone's coming. We thought we never would leave."

"That's a long time," the woman replied. "We followed the road just from curiosity ourselves. It's only chance we're here too."

Dusk deepened, flooding stars breaking their scattered surge along the sky. And now Fred was walking so close against the dark girl that he thought that at any moment his swinging hand might accidentally touch hers. Might — yet never. Thus they reached the little platter of land where the men's car stood.

Dick took the pump and pumped, then Fred, then Dick, then Fred again. And all the time Fred scarcely taking his eyes from the dark girl's face saw how beneath the gathering gloom that face was turning old, old — centuries old — while, like the face of some mad satyr, still retaining the vibrance of an endless youth. Out of it came pouring floods of darkness — shadows, mad and whirling, thronged with a passionate life, until the sun-warmed peace of the afternoon splintered. Its glassy jangle shrilly mocked at Fred, "The flower, flower, flower fadeth — the grass withereth . . ."

At last the tire was done. The older woman turned to the girl. "I think I'll drive up alone if you'll walk afterwards with the children. It'll make me feel easier." She started ahead for the machine leaving the three to come trailing up behind her.

Fred looked after their half-bent silhouettes slowly disappearing along the shower of the luminous dusk — the shadows of the children with between them the shadow of the girl. And her spinning vibrance, her madness of wild mystery were also all passing shadow-like away from him forever, leaving him only his own pale empty chatter, "The flower fadeth, the grass . . ." Forgetting his reticence he shouted almost angrily, "But come, ride with us. We can give you a lift to the top." He thought that for a moment she paused and was wavering. Would she turn to him? But no, for after that imperceptible instant's hesitation, without a word, without even a backward gesture of her head, she started on again, leading the children with her. Presently they were lost in the night. So she was really gone. Fred lingered at the wheel long enough to give them all time to reach the hidden summit, to climb into their waiting car, and to be started. Beneath him, beyond the edge of the road, lay the retreating valley shivering in night mist; overhead flickered the pale, jeering dusts of the unreachable stars.

"Well, I guess they've had time enough by now."

"I guess so," Dick replied indifferently.

"Did you notice her queer eyes?"

"I never noticed. Whose?"

And they lapsed into silence, driving slowly to avoid the rut into which the woman had slipped. Pungent branches of the shadowy bushes scratched their twigs along the car or flicked bruised stems through its open windows. Along the bended slopes of the hills without, went floating the ghosts of the lilac and the sage; lavendered mists whose subtle fragrance softly lonesomely inquired of Fred, "And is it always to be never, never, never?"

He turned the curve and pressed on to the hill's flattened summit. The family had disappeared from it now, and all about lay an empty earth. Out of Fred's stifling breast something painful breathed back, "Never, never."

KANSAS FARMYARD

KENNETH W. PORTER

Not commonplace can be that prairie's fruits
Where cattle-feed is stored in feudal towers
And liquid silver rises through the roots
And stems of great revolving iron flowers.

THE EAGER MECHANIC

WILLIAM MARCH

The street had once been a good one, but time had destroyed its gentility. It was lined, now, with chain-stores, filling stations and cheap hotels. But a few of the fine houses remained as they had been, and it was on the porch of such a house that the old man sat on sunny mornings.

He was so old, and so shrunken, that it was difficult to tell, at first, if he were a man or a woman. He sat in a huge chair, his body wrapped in a shawl, and closed his eyes wearily, as if he had seen enough of the world and would shut out the little that remained.

Occasionally he would raise his arm in a weak, petulant gesture and knock off the woolen cap which he wore, and at such times a fringe of stained, yellowish hair stood up on the back of his head. The shawl, and the stubborn, upstanding hair, gave him the appearance of a sick dancer wearing an amber comb. Then, almost immediately, a tall woman would appear from the depth of the house, and stand above him patiently. She would pick up the cap and put it upon his head again, her teeth bared in a strong, professional smile, and talk with simple words, in a raised voice, as if she were speaking to a child. When she had rearranged his shawl and his cap, she would go back into the house and leave him alone in the April sunlight.

Sometimes he would lift his head and watch sparrows quarreling in the eaves above him, or trace with his dry forefinger the shadows thrown by the iron grillwork, but in the end he would lean forward and rest his chin on the banisters and watch the young mechanic who worked in the garage across the street.

The mechanic was young and very eager. He wore uniforms which showed off his strong legs and his vigorous thighs. There were, usually, smudges of grease on his cheeks and hands. For a long time the old man had watched him at his work, running from car to car, as if walking were too slow for him. He whistled a great deal and occasionally he even sang fragments of popular songs in a voice persistently off key. When there was no work to be done, he would wrestle with the other mechanics. Sometimes when he thought he was unobserved he would turn handspins in the

vacant lot which adjoined the garage. At first the old man had been vaguely annoyed by these antics. "The young fool! The young fool! The young fool!" he would whisper to himself angrily.

And then, one morning, the young mechanic had come across the street and spoken to him, and the old man had answered in his thin voice. The mechanic had stood there talking of his work, of how well the station was doing and his chances for a raise very soon. He spoke of having a garage of his own some day, but that, of course, was in the remote distance. When he had finished, the old man, in turn, began to talk. He spoke with acrid, slyly chosen words, but the flavor of his bitterness was lost on the young man who stood there grinning widely, as if vastly amused, his arms resting against the iron fence that separated them. The next day he came again to talk to the old man, whom he now considered his friend. He ran across the street waving his hand, for no reason at all, and chuckling to himself. The old man shuddered suddenly and pulled the shawl closer. He said: "You seem very happy this morning."

"Sure I'm happy!" said the mechanic. "Why shouldn't I be? I've got a good job, and I make good money, don't I?" Then he began to drag his finger across the iron fence. "Say, I'll let you in on a secret," he said. "I'm going to get married this summer. . . . But don't tell any of the other boys about it yet: I don't want them kidding me."

The old man leaned back, a hard, amused light in his eyes. "I'll try not to talk indiscreetly," he said, his lips drawn back into a bloodless line. "I'll try to keep your secret."

"Oh, sure," said the young mechanic. "I knew I could trust you not to talk."

The old man looked up and down the shabby street, and then his eyes returned to the mechanic, regarding him contemptuously for a moment, before he spoke. "You expect to be very happy in your marriage, I imagine; nothing will happen to you, as it does to other people, of course. . . . Your life will flow evenly and sweetly."

"Why sure," said the mechanic in a surprised voice. "Why sure. That's right!"

Suddenly the old man felt as if he were going

to cry. He closed his eyes and leaned forward, lifting his battered face to the sunlight. "I'm old, so very old," he thought. "I've lived too long. I've seen too much and I've experienced too much. . . . When I listen, I can hear men building the coffin that will soon hold me; when I smell, I am conscious of the decay that will lie in the black earth where I, too, shall lie; when I close my eyes, I have a little of the blackness that will shut away this beautiful world forever." . . . He raised his thin arm, and held it before him, moving it slowly back and forth, and a wavering shadow came against the brick wall beside him. He watched the shadow for awhile, fascinated by it, conscious that the mechanic was still standing before him, talking about furniture, rent, and desirable locations.

Then fury came over the man because he was old and because the mechanic was young and so eager. His lips puffed out and his face began to twitch. And then, almost immediately, he thought: "I'll tell him what awaits him! I'll find words to pierce even his stupidity!" For a moment he sat with eyes closed, thinking of the words that he was to say, shaping them cunningly. He sat that way for a long time. . . .

Above him, in the eaves of the house, a sparrow began to tread his hen, and the old man

turned to watch them. They rolled over and over in the gutter, chirping and ruffling their brown feathers. Then they tumbled straight down, striking the iron grill work, agitating the coral vine, until they touched the lawn, still locked together, and trembled there, their heads drawn close to their bodies, their feathers blown up to twice their normal size. They lifted their beaks to heaven and began to shiver, uttering all the time shrill, ecstatic cries.

When the sparrows had flown away, the old man raised his arm again, and again the uncertain shadow came on the wall beside him. He thought: "Sooner or later nothing is of any importance. At the end nothing is more important than the shadow of my arm against this wall." Then he turned and looked at the young man standing before him. The mechanic had thrown back his head and was smiling. His eyes were brown and untroubled and his white teeth glistened in the sunlight. He stood there eagerly, as if he awaited words of wisdom.

At last the old man spoke from the depth of his bitterness: "You must send me an invitation to your wedding," he said with wry lips. . . . "You really must, my son."

"Sure I will!" said the mechanic happily. "Sure I will!"

THE SANDPILE

MARY PORTER RUSSELL

Other children's fathers worked in offices, but Joan's father did not. Joan's father ran away from college and was shot in the chest during the war, and after that he had to stay outdoors. Aunt Elizabeth told Joan about it.

Aunt Elizabeth did not like father. Once she talked to mother about him and made mother cry. She said things about the folly of marrying a man who was not only unable to work, but was devoid of business sense as well. "He'll run through with everything of yours just as he did his," she said. "You'll have nothing left, I tell you." Mother got up and put on her hat and said she wouldn't listen any more. Joan shut her eyes as if she were still asleep and hadn't heard anything, and mother called her, and then they went home. It was not fun to walk with mother that day. She didn't talk at all, and she didn't listen to you.

Father didn't work in an office, but he did work in the garden. It was not just an ordinary garden. Mother called it father's laboratory. He experimented with flowers and made new ones, with new names, and once in a long time he got money for them. He also looked after the farms.

Sometimes he took Joan with him when he went out to visit the farms. He was taking her today, and they were starting very early, before mother was up. When they stopped at her bed to tell her goodbye, she put her arms around them and hugged them close. "Goodbye, my infants," she said. "Try to keep cool." Infant meant baby, and father was bigger than anybody. Mother's hair was lying all over the pillow. Father picked some of it up and held it to his lips and kissed it.

It was quieter on the street than Joan had ever known it. They went on and on and didn't meet

any one at all. The houses were still, and there were no people on the porches. Joan thought what it would be like if there weren't any people at all, but just houses and streets. She wondered if the houses would get lonesome for people.

"What would it be like for the world if there weren't any people?" she asked.

"I don't know about the world," said father, "but some might think it better for the people."

As if anything could be better for people if there weren't any. Father was funny.

Out in the country it was cool and soft and green. If you could shut your eyes and reach out and touch the sky and clouds and trees, you knew just how they would feel. Father knew the names of all the trees and told them to Joan. It was pleasant to listen to him talk of the trees. He said their names so that they sounded soft and very beautiful, and he told stories about why each one was different from the others.

Once they came to a bright colored bird on a low tree branch directly over the road. Father stopped the car, and they quit talking so that they would not scare it away. It began to sing, and they listened, very still. But finally it seemed to see them, and fluttered its wings and flew high up into the sky.

The leaves danced against the sky.

"Look, Joan," said father, "and when you find that I couldn't feed you bread, remember that I tried to feed you — this."

"Feed me *what*?" asked Joan, for he was looking at the sky. She thought a minute. "Aren't we going to have lunch, father?"

"Yes," he said; and then he smiled, but it was the sort of smile that made you feel solemn. Soon afterward he started the car.

The road was getting rough, and the car was bumpy to ride in now. Joan slid close to father and leaned against him. His tweed coat scratched her cheek and arm, but she didn't mind. The air was hot and she felt sleepy. . . . The car was rocking instead of bumping. . . . The sun made speckles in the air — speckles that could dance and sing. . . .

"I didn't go to sleep at all," Joan said, but father laughed. They had already been to Sam's house and to Digby's and to King's, and there were only a few more places to go. They stopped only at the houses where there were little babies, for otherwise the mothers and children as well as the fathers were in the fields working, and there wasn't any one at home. Father usually just blew

his horn and waited, and the men he wanted to see would come out to the road and talk to him. Sometimes he went into the fields and looked at the crops.

At Dan's he drew up in front of the house, and got out. Joan asked him why, for there weren't any babies there, but he didn't answer. He went in and stayed a minute and then came to the door and told Joan to come in, too. It smelled the same way inside that all the houses did, and you had to try to keep from breathing at first, but after a while you didn't notice. It was in the middle of the day, but Dan was there and an old woman, too, and Iola was lying on the bed. Father took Joan's hand and led her to the bed, and she looked down by the side of Iola and there was a tiny black baby, with its eyes tight shut, and without any clothes on.

"Her named Joan fo' you, chile," said Dan, and he looked hard at Iola and Iola looked back at him.

"Yas, honey," said Iola. "Her named fo' you."

It was wonderful, wonderful to have babies named for you. Joan had a lot of namesakes. Mother always sent things to them and gave them Joan's old dresses. This baby needed a dress, but it was so little —

Joan heard some one coughing, and looked up and saw Ezekiel coming into the room.

"What's your little sister's name, Zeke?" asked father.

"Her named Hannah-Grace," said Zeke.

"Boy," said Dan, "boy, I'll —"

"But it's Joan," said Joan.

"Daniel, you're an incorrigible and pernicious liar," said father.

"No, suh. I ain't no liar. I pledge yo' my word dat baby —"

"But to compensate the baby for coming into such a family —" Father got out a bill and gave it to Joan, and told her it was for her namesake. She folded it and put it into one of the baby's tightly clenched fists. The fist was no bigger than a little black rock.

"Thank yo', suh," said Dan and Iola. "Thank yo', suh." But the baby cried.

Zeke stayed on the other side of the room from his father. He kept on coughing.

"Git on back to work," said Dan.

"Don't send him back to the field," said father. He turned around to Zeke. "Come here and let me look at you." Zeke was a tall boy, sort of humped over, and very thin.

"Where do you sleep?" asked father.

"On de pallet wid Ezra and Jim."

"I see," said father.

"Lil and Alice and Fredonia sleeps on t'other pallet," said Dan. There was only one bed.

Father had got out his pen and a piece of paper and was writing something. "Take him to see Dr. Thompson and give the doctor this note, Dan. And in the meantime, see that he drinks from a separate cup."

"We ain't got 'nough cups fo' de chillun," said Dan. "Dey takes turns from de dippah."

"Give him one of the cups," said father.

"Yassuh. . . . Fo' watah, too?"

"For everything he drinks," said father.

"Yassuh," said Dan.

"Tell the baby goodbye, dear." Father had picked up his hat.

"Goodbye, Joan," said Joan. It was lovely to have namesakes.

The sun was getting hotter outside, and the car burned you when you sat in it. In a little while they came across Jim, working in the field close by the road, and singing so hard he didn't see them at first. He was older than Zeke, but not so tall. He was singing in a way that made you want to sing, too, and perspiration was pouring from his face like rain.

Father stopped the car. "Look at him," he said. "Look at him."

Joan didn't see anything to look at. He was just singing.

"Fine little sister you've got, Jim," said father.

Jim stopped singing and gave a big jump. He looked up and grinned so that he showed all his white teeth.

"Yassuh," he said. "Yassuh."

They didn't stop again until they came to Mr. Riddick's. Father said they would stay there for lunch, and then they would go home. Mr. Riddick was a white man, and paid rent instead of shares like the Negroes. Rent meant money, and shares meant part of the crops.

The house was very big—much bigger than the one Joan lived in. You could tell that it once had been white, but now it was dingy and grey. Two of the front shutters were hanging loosely from broken hinges, and one of the pillars that supported the roof of the porch was slanting to one side so that the roof at that end was lower than at the other.

"Is it where my mother's grandfather was born?" asked Joan. That was what father always

told her when they went in, but today he had forgotten.

One of the little Riddick girls let them in. There were so many of them that Joan could not remember their names, and when she would ask they would just duck their heads and giggle. They were not fun to play with because they would not talk.

This little girl was one of the middle sized ones. She took them back to the dining room, where her mother and father and a long table full of sisters and two brothers were having their dinner.

Mrs. Riddick jumped up from the table and began pinning in her hair.

"Land sakes alive, child," she said, "take 'em in the parlor." It was hard to understand what she said: something had happened to her mouth so that the lips sunk in.

Mr. Riddick got up and came with them.

"Finish your dinner, Riddick," said father.

"The missus'll fix you up some in a spell," said Mr. Riddick, "and I'll eat with you." He got a rag and dusted the two rocking chairs in the parlor. "I reckon this room ain't been sat in since you was here last."

Father and Mr. Riddick began talking about crops. Joan looked around the room, but there wasn't anything to look at. Suddenly she heard a giggle at the door. Four little girls were peeping in from one side and three from the other. She got up and ran to the door, but when she reached it they were scattering out of sight in every direction, and they wouldn't come back when she called. She stood still in the hall for a long time. There was a lump in her throat so she couldn't swallow. She wanted to ask them their names and to play with them, and they wouldn't let her.

From out in the yard she could hear a chicken squawking. She knew some one was hurting the chicken. She went back in the room, and sat near father.

"I wrote the Senator all about it," Mr. Riddick was saying. "Yessir. I said it don't make no difference whether the weather turns out good or bad. I said you slaves all year, and your family slaves all year, and then maybe a drought comes and ruins everything, and if a drought don't come, then the prices go down till you don't get nothin' anyhow, and it's just the same."

"And he's giving it his consideration," said father.

"Yessir," said Mr. Riddick. "I got a mighty nice letter from him. And a busy man like he is,

too. He said he was givin' my communication his consideration — his careful consideration. As I was tellin' the boys at the store the other day, I reckon he's a pretty remarkable man."

"Not a doubt of it," said father.

"And I forgot to tell you that he sent me a package of seeds," said Mr. Riddick.

"Did he send you a whole package of seeds, Mr. Riddick?" asked Joan. It was nice to get packages.

"Yes," said Mr. Riddick.

"A whole package," said father.

"Your dinner's a settin' on the table, Mr. Gordon." Mrs. Riddick was standing at the door.

"I reckon I might as well sign that lease before we go in," said Mr. Riddick, and father took a paper from his pocket and got out his pen, and Mr. Riddick signed the paper.

"The same as 'twas for this year," said Mr. Riddick.

"Yes," said father.

They washed their hands in a pan on the back porch, and dried them on a roller towel.

"Have a drink of cold water," said Mr. Riddick. "It's fresh drawed." He held out a big dipper. The water dripped from the dipper in beautiful, icy, glistening drops. Joan wanted water.

"They don't wanna drink from the dipper," said Mrs. Riddick. "Bring the bucket in. They got glasses on the table."

"Oh, sure," said Mr. Riddick. He put the dipper to his mouth, and drained it himself. You could see the water going down his throat. It looked good.

When they got to the table he poured water from the dipper into their glasses. You felt better after you had had some.

Mrs. Riddick brought hot biscuits in and set them on the table. She was a white woman, but she did her own cooking. There was fried chicken to eat. When they came in the dining room while the others were eating there had been just fat meat and molasses and cornbread on the table, but there was chicken now.

Mrs. Riddick sat down to watch them. Her mouth was sunk in till her nose and chin nearly met.

"I had 'em half out one week and half the next," she was telling father. "I couldn't have gas because it was five dollars more. Five dollars, the doctor said it would cost. It was awful, Mr. Gordon, awful. I tell you the blood —"

Joan wasn't as hungry as she thought she was. "How's yer flower grafting?" Mr. Riddick asked father.

"I'm making some beauties, thank you," said father. "But as a money-making proposition the garden's a fine amusement."

"They had to come out," said Mrs. Riddick. "Even the roots were abscessed. It's a mighty bad thing to lose yer teeth, but as I was sayin' to my husband, you can't expect much else when you're thirty-eight years old. I'm thirty-eight years old. Yessir. Thirty-eight."

"They were ahurtin' her so bad she couldn't wait no longer," said Mr. Riddick. "She tried to put it off till fall, but they swelled up and she couldn't. The doctor was awful good about it — said he'd wait till the crops was in for his pay. He's a mighty fine man, Dr. Dempsey."

"Will you have to wait till fall to have your plates made?" asked father.

"Oh, she weren't countin' on gettin' any new teeth this year. Maybe by next —"

"It's kinder hard livin' mostly on mush," Mrs. Riddick said, "but you get used —"

"You see the cash'll be scarcer than ever this year," said Mr. Riddick, "account of our bein' short handed on the crops. Martha and the twins have always been sickly, and this year they been ailin' till they couldn't work but very little."

"How old are they?" asked father.

"Martha's thirteen," said Mrs. Riddick, "and the twins are ten."

"I see," said father. His face looked red. "If you've finished, Joan, I think we'd better leave," he said.

"Tom and Reese are out gettin' some peaches for you to take to your missus," said Mr. Riddick.

That was lovely. Joan jumped up from the table. It was fun to take things to mother.

The two boys were already putting the peaches in the back of the car. They were beautiful, beautiful peaches.

Father held out a bill to each of them, but they wouldn't take any money.

"Papa ain't chargin' yer for 'em," said Tom.

"Then if not for the peaches, for your trouble," said father.

"It warn't no trouble," said Reese.

"How did you boys get along at school last year?" asked father.

"I got promoted," said Tom. "I went all three months, and I got promoted."

But Reese just looked down at the ground and

dug into the earth with his toes.

"Somebody stole his shoes, and he had to stop account o' the cold," said his brother. "He taken 'em off at recess to climb a tree, and somebody stole 'em."

"It warn't my fault," said Reese. "I was attryin' to save 'em. I went for a month with gunny sacks wrapped onto my feet, but after the rains come the mud was so deep —"

"We're both goin' to have new shoes when the crops come in," said Tom.

"I'm glad," said father. "I think we'd better be going now. Goodbye, boys."

"Goodbye, Mr. Gordon."

The road was very bumpy going away from Mr. Riddick's house. Joan asked father if it was not bumpy, but he didn't seem to hear.

"My country, 'tis of thee," he said after a while, "Sweet land of liberty —"

"I can sing it," said Joan. "My country, 'tis —"

"Don't," said father.

"The land of the free," he said. "Free and equal — free and — . . . Do you know what we're going to do, Joan? We're going back."

Mr. Riddick came running out to the car when father blew the horn.

"Forget somethin', Mr. Gordon?"

"No," said father. "I've been thinking over the lease, Riddick."

"You ain't goin' up on the rent," said Mr. Riddick. "You ain't —"

"I want it like this," said father. He took the paper from his pocket, and scratched out some figures and put some more down.

Mr. Riddick looked at the paper. "God bless you," he said. "God bless you."

Father got out his watch. "Goodbye again," he said. "We'll have to hustle."

Joan held tightly to the seat as they went over the bumps. It was not so rough when they came to the main road, but the sun felt hotter. Father stopped the car and took off his coat and rolled up his sleeves. Joan looked at his face. She knew what mother would say if she could see him. She would say, "You're tired, dear. You'd better lie down."

The car was going very fast now. Joan liked it fast. She shut her eyes and pretended the car was a boat and that there was water all around it. Some days she could pretend it was cold water that sprayed in on her like a shower bath, but today she couldn't. The car was a boat and there

was water around it, but the water was hot.

She could tell that father didn't want her to talk, but sometimes he talked himself.

"Seeds," said father. "A package of seeds."

"Wasn't it a nice package of seeds, father?"

"To be able to do — *things*," said father.

The sun was directly to their left. The car went very fast, but the sun kept up with the car.

Mother was waiting for them on the side porch. It was their favorite porch. Vines shaded it from the street, and you looked out just into the garden that was not an ordinary garden.

The porch was cool. Mother was cool. One of the nicest parts of going away was coming back to see mother.

She had made a pitcher of limeade and was pouring it for them into tall glasses. Lovely frost came on the outside of the glasses. Joan held her glass to her cheeks and eyes. The limeade looked and felt and tasted beautiful.

Mother's dress was the color of the limeade. Father looked at it and then at her. "Vain, vain, vain," he said. "Is that why you made limeade? Am I to tell you you're like it?"

"Made with sugar," said mother.

"And limes and ice," said father.

"You'd better drink it, dear, and go up and lie down. We're invited to Freda's for dinner. You didn't forget?"

"No," said father.

"How was everything?" asked mother. "You're looking all in."

"Things were just as usual," said father. "Nothing eventful but a new baby — Iola's."

"She's named for me, mother!"

"How nice, dear. . . . Are the Riddicks staying next year, Dick?"

"Yes," said father. He got up and put his glass on the table, and stood leaning against the railing of the porch for a minute. "You might as well see this now," he said, and he took from his pocket the piece of paper Mr. Riddick had signed, and handed it to mother.

Mother looked at the changed figures. "But, Dick! It wasn't much more than paying taxes as it was. Wouldn't he — ? Couldn't you — ?"

Joan was the only one who was drinking the limeade.

"I changed it — voluntarily," said father.

"Oh," said mother. She threw the paper on the table and leaned against the cretonne cushions of the couch. "Dick, do you love everyone in the world better than — us?"

It was a very strange question for mother to ask. Father didn't say anything at all.

"I don't know what we're going to do," said mother. "I don't know what we're going to do. . . . Dick, listen to me. I went shopping today. I needed a new dress for the party next Tuesday, and I found just what I wanted. It was a beautiful dress, a dream of a dress. But I looked at the bank balance and I couldn't get it. I was afraid to get it. So I got one that was cheap. It's an awful old thing — a hideous old thing. . . . It has come to that, Dick."

Father kept his back turned. "I'm sorry, dear. . . . I can see that I shouldn't have done it — that I didn't have the right to do it. You should follow Elizabeth's advice and get a new manager."

"Oh, don't," said mother. "Don't keep talking as if the farms were mine. You know I don't want them to be mine. You know they're *ours*. I'd feel just the same if they were all *yours*, Dick. I know you can't work and make a lot of money that way. I don't expect a lot of money. But I do want you to think of me *first* and to love me enough to try to —"

"Mrs. Riddick had her teeth out without gas," said father. "It was her having them out without gas. She didn't have five dollars to —"

Mother put her hands up to her face and was quiet. The frost had gone off of all the glasses and the pitcher, and drops of water were running down them.

"Why must you make me feel an utter beast?" said mother. "I *do* want the Riddicks to have gas for their teeth. I *do* want — it's just that —"

She began to cry, and father came over and put his arms around her.

"I understand," he said. "I understand."

"Do you understand that I love you?" asked mother.

"Yes," said father. "Darling, yes." He kissed her, and Joan knew that everything was all right. She wondered if they would drink their limeade now.

"I'll have to go up and dress," said mother. "Oh, darling, you haven't lain down, and you're tired. Come up and rest just a minute before you dress — just a minute will help."

"As soon as I've had a smoke," said father.

Mother patted Joan's head as she passed. "You'd better tell Grace to give you some supper and put you to bed. Mother'll be in to tell you goodnight."

There was a little muscle on the side of father's face that was going up and down. Joan kept time with it with her foot. He just smoked, and didn't say anything. He was looking out into the garden.

"Is the garden your laboratory, father?" she asked him.

"No," said father. "It is my sandpile. I play in it just as you play in yours. Stay out in the sun and play, little boy. . . . Play — play!"

Fireflies were beginning to flame out in the dusk. Other children caught them and put them in bottles, but Joan didn't. Father had told her that it hurt their wings, and had showed her that it was more fun to watch them and wonder where they were going, and what for.

She turned around to father, but he wasn't watching the fireflies. His face looked queer in the dimming light. He had finished his smoke, and she wished he would go upstairs now. She was sure mother was right about his needing to lie down.

TWO POEMS

ROBERT J. HARRIS

THE POSTULANT

"If stars be crumbs;
Whose bread is broken?
By whom bespoken?"

"It ill becomes,
That little fable,
A guest at table."

"SMOKING CHIMNEYS"

Some one, listening, may hear;
Some one, laughingly, may hold
Up to her a hand of gold:
Ah! I would the child were told
Of the city in the sand.

It is night with us, and we're
Old and very frightened, dear;
After all, they're not so near. . . .

But it's day to them, and bold
Is their laughter in that land:
Ah! I would the child were told
Of the city in the sand.

FAREWELL TO FAREWELLS AND PRELUDES

HOYT HUDSON

He comes and picks up apples in cold rain
for fifty cents. He walked the streets all morning
here are the storm-dropped apples here the man
soaked through "I can't get any wetter"
he says and fifty cents is fifty cents
Animal heat is in him heat and hunger too
hot sausages and coffee feed the heat
and fight the hunger.

Men of forty fifty
eat their bowls of slum and feel their shoe-soles
where pavements wear them thin fearing the hole
has gone clear through. Winter comes on partner
leaves now are shed and broken sticks have blown
from branches that are dead. Men walk the roads
thumbing their rides to Trenton or to Scranton
these are the dumb whose faces have been kicked
until their mouths are silent.

Shall I read
some poet pen-man word-man? One writes pre-
ludes
endlessly, knowing that no deed or drama
waits on his prelude's ending. He has lost the feel
of action lost the hardness of things' edges
the heft and texture even clods could give
would he lift clods. In all his ambit now
blurs nuzzle blurs and shadows merge with shad-
ows
while whispering and muttered music makes
a prelude empty of all expectation.
One writes farewells: no more he says will things
be as they were that week that day that time
never again shall we be driving drinking
or fighting loving as we were that week
that day that time farewell 'tis gone adieu
ah nevermore.

So what?

This morning sun arose
to lend a pale shine to November boughs
and drive much hungry obstinate flesh again
to tiring pavements and bleak roads. Flesh arose
guarding its intimate fire and waves of blood
flooded all hidden rivers with their lading
of heat and hunger, senses took up tasks
again as sodden sentries walk their posts.

Now when one speaks to me let him be one
with doggedness with fire inside his belly
who knows the thrust of cold roads on thin shoes
who sees the sun-drawn edge of brittle branches
whose hands have broken clods. I am thirsty
for strong and beady song for poets' vintage
for troubling liquor orient in the glass
for potent drink gembright with nimble flame
at each drop's heart.

Yet better I say one
sheer taste of salt better a draught of brine
or wintry bitterness of aloes better grit
between the teeth better the stinging skin
of scraped hands on sharp gravel than just blurs
or impotent regrets. Bring me that music
muted and low but that metallic music
singing within the cells of him who picks up apples
there in the cold rain this November day
for fifty cents and sausages and coffee
bring me the words profane or trivial
that keep cold feet alternate moving
keep sentry senses at their posts and drive
flesh obstinate unbroken to arise
and clothe itself and take the kicks.

Farewell
a curt farewell to all farewells and preludes.

"COME AND SEE"

JOHN HELMER OLSON

Grandmother Anderson was having the jolliest
time dying.

She had expected it, of course. The Lord and
she were old friends. Not a thing between them
for years. Oh, once in a while they had had spats.

Sometimes it started to rain just at the moment
Grandmother Anderson had hung out the Monday
washing, or the wind changed and blew the neigh-
bor's smoke straight down upon her linens, or the
November rain collected in pools on the back steps

and froze into treacherous sheets of ice, or —

But, Grandmother Anderson had learned, except in the case of little things like that, the Lord was right, whether it hurt or whether it tickled. The little things were harder to understand than the large. Maybe the Lord jested at times, played Hallowe'en tricks in her back yard. She would ask Him about that the very first thing when she met Him in a week or so, especially about that nosy wind that blew Scriggs' smoke down on her table cloths and napkins. It had always been hard to detect His Providence in such things.

For years she had had no real trouble with the Lord, therefore, except when the old Eve in her felt a hankering for complaint or forbidden fruit or when she wasn't sure in her own mind what the Lord really wanted of her. He speaks in such odd parables at times!

It was all forgiven and forgotten now, however, at least so far as the Lord was concerned. So why spend any more of her fast fleeting earthly moments worrying about it?

Still, there is another angle to the problem, Grandmother Anderson mused as she smiled to the nurse who came in just then to take her temperature. The mother who spans in love and spans at the right time is more apt to be appreciated in after life than the woman who screams at her offspring one minute and in the next nearly smothers it with moist, messy kisses. The Lord is not like that at all. "Whom He loves, He chastises," and thanks be to Him for that!

In her thirties Grandmother Anderson was a semi-invalid. She never expected to be able to walk down the back steps again or mow the lawn or run across the street to Byron's for a dozen oranges or a can of beans. But then the Lord led her to Dr. Browning. It was through a hint from a stranger, the merest breathing of his name, the vaguest utterance of a hope. But it was heeded. Dr. Browning was called, came, saw, and ordered her to the hospital. There he tightened some faucet or other inside her, and at once she began to mend. In a month she was fit as a lingonberry and stayed that way until her heart gave out.

Speaking of the heart —

Grandmother Anderson smiled a second time to the nurse as the insipid glass tube was removed from her mouth. Don't doctors fuss like cranky babies about one's temperature? When Grandmother Anderson was little nobody had any thermometers, not even on the back porches. Surely no one could afford to buy such expensive things

only to stick into one's mouth for a minute or two. Well, styles change. Just so the doctors don't get an idea to thrust those glass things down one's gullet!

But speaking of the heart. It works like a clock and purrs like a kitten when new, but after sixty or seventy years of running up and down in a world so full of stairs as this is, it is no wonder the little engine begins to balk and pound and sizzle. It's too bad one can't replace it as one does in the case of Fords. Maybe some day the doctors will try putting a fresh monkey heart inside one —

No, this kind of prophesying would never do for a dying person. Wasn't there an entire beautiful past to review before it ended for good and the eternal future began?

Martin died when the children were small, Edwin a mere infant.

He had been a good man, a good provider. Not much for looks. Just a shrunken, tow-haired little man, with pale blue eyes and a drooping moustache. He had nothing to say, as a rule. People wondered, as they always do, what she had ever seen in him to — But that was her business, she told them. They might take a look at what they had married themselves!

It was not easy to start working for others, to take in other people's dirty clothes and wash them, and to scrub other people's muddy floors, and to scrape the bones from other people's plates. In those days "other people" either bored or frightened her, and she objected strenuously to the Lord, to begin with, about serving them. But He only answered: "Just be patient. It won't take long before you'll understand."

Now, as she lay like a little wing-torn swallow among the white pillows of her hospital bed, she did understand.

If Martin had not died when he did she would never have known the Moores and the Tomlinsons and the Sperrys and the Browns and the Zieglers and the Bentons and the Schaaks and the — well, all those more or less high class people whose parties you read about in the *Tribune* and the *News* and whose dogs, even, get their obituaries printed. They were kind and considerate, too, most of them. About the same as people who don't get into the paper except when they die and their relatives pay for it. Oh, there was of course Mrs. Sperry, she with the screeching voice and the bony nose. But usually there were compensations. In that case it was

Mr. Sperry. Every once in a while, when the old bird was in the kitchen quarreling with the cook or upstairs scolding the maids, he would smile pathetically and without a word hand Grandmother Anderson a crisp new dollar bill.

No, she would never have known these fine people, and some who were not so fine but nevertheless interesting, if Martin had lived on and stuck to his last in the shoe-repair shop on Belmont Avenue.

You learn to know people from the wash-tub angle as you never can learn to know them across crystal goblets or through the haze of cigarette smoke. But no time for such meditations now.

The hardest blow in her life was Edwin's sudden death from pneumonia in his eighteenth year.

Of course, she had left Carl and Simon and Mildred and seven grandchildren and one great-grandchild to be, preferably a boy. She had hoped to live to see the darling, but it wouldn't happen until July and Grandmother Anderson couldn't possibly live that long. One can't find time for everything.

Edwin was the apple of her eye, as the old saying goes. He was a frail, eerie sort of person, whose two passions were his mother and his violin. How he made the instrument laugh and sing and weep! It seemed as if all the hopes and despairs and pains and ecstasies of her soul found form and expression in Edwin's music.

And then it was he who had to die!

She had always had it in for the Lord a bit because of that. Not until the last two weeks had she been able honestly to thank Him for it. But now she could, because now she felt like hurrying Death along, so that she might the sooner meet Edwin—and Martin too, for that matter. Do you suppose he is fixing shoes for the angels? One never knows, but if he does you can be sure he makes a good job of it. Martin never hurried. He was altogether too plodding at times, she thought, and prodding him had no effect, unless to make him more stubborn. But then, he never needed to do half-soling over again as Jones on Racine has to do. Maybe Martin had learned to walk a little faster on the golden streets. Maybe his tongue had limbered up a little in his mouth, him singing the New Song so many years now! Grandmother Anderson had better examine her own speedometer.

It would be interesting to find out a number of things up there. For example, why Old Lady Simpson on Wellington was allowed to live well

over ninety and she the stingiest, meanest woman this side of the cemetery.

It wouldn't be long now before she would know these and other curious matters. The doctor said the end might come any time.

Carl and the doctor had a confidential chat in the hall the other evening after Carl had said goodbye. The two men shut the door behind them stealthily, and she had done that so many times herself. She understood perfectly! So she turned off the light and sneaked out of bed, tiptoed to the door, and put her ear to the crack between the door and the door-post. The rubber thing on the handle was in its place, fortunately, so the crack was large enough to hear through without any trouble.

"Maybe in twenty-four hours," the doctor said. "Maybe in ten days, but not any longer. Surprising vitality. Spry old woman all right, but it can't last. Special nurse soon."

Through the mumble of their voices she heard the shuffling of Miss Dalton's feet. Miss Dalton was the night supervisor, stern and autocratic like Catherine of Russia. Grandmother Anderson hurried to her bed, turned on the night lamp again and smoothed the cover over her swollen limbs. The pain in her chest became severe, like the bite of a willow-wand manipulated by an offended parent.

"Forgive me, Lord," Grandmother Anderson prayed. "I know I deserve the spanking, but I couldn't help it, honest I couldn't."

"You're a naughty child," said the Lord, giving her another prod in the heart, almost stopping it. But after that there was no more pain to speak of, so she slept the sleep of the righteous until the morning.

But when she awoke she had a cold in the chest and head. Miss Dalton discovered it before going off duty for the night. She questioned the nurses angrily but saw at once that they were innocent. If she hadn't, Grandmother Anderson decided, she would speak up and confess. She was glad she didn't have to bother about it. She had never in her life felt so tired. It was an effort even to wet the lips. Her tongue was large and dry.

The doctor came, grumbled and shook his head.

"I've sniffled before," Grandmother Anderson thought of saying. "Besides, they have paper handkerchiefs here. They shouldn't be so expensive."

In a way it was too bad. She didn't want to die

of a measly cold. She had hoped to die with a clear head anyway. It wasn't exactly polite to meet the Lord with sinuses all stuffed up. But wouldn't those cloggy tubes or bulbs or bags, whatever they are, stay where they belonged, in the grave? So why worry? Promptly she forgot all about them.

The chest was getting to be tighter, almost a solid. Mere breathing this morning was harder than to scrub all the Tomlinson floors. But why not try to think of something pleasant?

She would like to thank the nurses for the jolly time she had had in the hospital.

At first she was meek as a lamb and took all the pettings and paddlings and turnings and feedings and all the other -ings as a matter of course. She was dumb, in other words, as a sheep, according to the Scriptures. But soon this procedure became altogether too monotonous. After the third day she started to find faults with things, therefore, just pretended to. The water was too cold or too warm. The pudding was too gritty, the night-gown like John the Baptist's robe of camel's hair! Such night-gowns you get in a hospital! They cover only the front half of you, leaving your back entirely bare. And what mortal, except the learned person who is supposed to patch you up, doesn't know that chills travel, not up and down your chest and stomach but along the more convenient backbone! Haven't you felt the freezes jump from one vertebra to another, like sheep crossing a creek? At home Grandmother Anderson put on a woolen shirt or sweater the moment she felt chilly. In the hospital they leave your back bare. Of course, there are reasons for it, but what of it? And besides, they leave the windows open wide until —

The only sensible conclusion one can come to is that science is prejudiced in favor of bare backs, just like fashions in woman's gowns. Even that scrawny Mrs. Sperry parades with hardly more than a pair of silk suspenders above the waist!

But this was an old grudge of Grandmother Anderson's against the new generations that have sprung up with such suddenness and stupid jubilee. Why embitter her last moments with such old thoughts?

What dears the nurses were!

Sometimes she would ring for them, just to get a chance to say something witty she had thought of. And how quickly they came when she pressed the button. Once she stubbed her nose against the bell-shaped object on her pillow, and within a min-

ute Miss Peak stepped softly over the threshold.

Miss Peak was her favorite — blue eyes, dimpled cheeks red as cherries, merry wrinkles at the corners of her eyes, a supple little body bubbling over with energy.

"You'll make a cute grandma some day," Grandmother Anderson told her one morning.

Miss Spofford, who happened to walk by just then, heard the remark and burst into such laughter that she dropped the wash-basin she was carrying. Miss Schnur, the day supervisor, came and scolded her with her eyes, until Grandmother Anderson spoke up and took all the blame. But, she said, she could not understand what there was to laugh about in so plain a statement. Life is a fleet, illusive thing. It wouldn't take long before her words were true as — but if they preferred that Miss Peak become a thin, cranky old maid, that was up to them, up to her rather. Of course, that would never happen. She had seen the look in the eyes of some of the internes when Miss Peak came into the room where they were making a mess of things!

The chest felt tighter. Someone seemed to be shooting arrows at her heart. If she were not so tired she would have tried to groan a little.

Miss Dalton came into the room, her last look in before breakfast.

"I'll pretend to sleep," Grandmother Anderson mused. "Or she'll think of some new way to twist me around to make me comfortable."

Maybe she really was asleep. Everything about her seemed to be haze and confusion.

Soon other people came. Carl and Simon and Mildred too, and she so much to tend to at home in the morning. She shouldn't leave everything like that. Time enough to come during visiting hours. Miss Peak seemed to be adjusting the pillows. And soon the doctor also arrived.

She tried to open her eyes, but the lids would barely twitch. The tongue lay still and dry in her mouth. Her lips would not stir. Of all things!

"Not long now, I'm afraid," said the doctor.

Somebody began weeping. Grandmother Anderson wasn't sure whether it was Mildred or Miss Peak or both. What sense in such actions? If she only could open her eyes and move those lips she would tell them not to make so much fuss. It was exasperating to be so helpless.

"I would like to say one word more to them," she told the Lord.

"And what would you tell them that you haven't said already?" He asked sharply.

How clearly she heard His voice! And she could even see His face now. Just as she had always thought—it was jolly, smiles lurking in every wrinkle of it.

"To tell the truth," she admitted, "I don't know what I was going to say, unless that I love them

all and wouldn't mind staying with them a couple of years longer if only my chest wouldn't feel as if it were stuffed with hay. But, by the way, where is Edwin? I haven't seen him for ages, it seems. Is he as handsome as he was when —"

"Come and see for yourself," said the Lord.

TWO POEMS

PHYLLIS MCGINLEY

THE TRAVELLERS

I have come into a strange land. Here is nothing
That I have known before.
I feed and sleep and rise and put on clothing
And answer the clamorous door;

And draw the shades and move through silent hallways
For a glove or a comb.
But those are things that one is doing always,
Even away from home.

I have come into a strange land. O, dismaying
Strangeness without an end!
Whose house stands here? What are the people saying?
I cannot comprehend.

And are you, too, so homesick and heart-wearied,
Is the dark as hollow
In that dim place, my dear one, where you hurried
And would not let me follow?

THE PLACE OF THE QUIET WINTERS

Here, then, in this place of quiet winters,
Of untumultuous and deliberate days,
I will remain. I have forgotten, nearly,
Winter was ever more than light and shadow,
A matter of a mist along the water,
A later sunrise, and upon occasion,
Courteous snows and amiable winds.
I have forgotten, almost, how the Beast
In the old days came raging down the canyons,
Fierce and terrible and gleaming-eyed,
Driving the mountain refugees before him —
The fluttering quail, the deer, the porcupine — ;
Pulling the sky down, crushing out the stars,
Shaking the pines, and wailing for his kill.
For here the Beast is tamed and old; he dozes,
Taking the midday sun, and growls in his sleep;

Or, rousing, comes to rub his withered head
Against my hand, and then to doze again.

And that is best. I could not now, without you,
(And I must be without you anywhere)
Must the strength to hold the ancient spear,
Nor spirit to elude him, nor the heart
Even to flee him or to stand at bay.
The Beast would stalk me down the bitter slope.
Winter would hunt me, winter would find me out,
And I would fall beneath the great assault,
Hiding my face and crying out your name.

YOUNG PETROSKI

SIGFRED A. ROE

"Hah! Big dance tonight!"

"Fun?"

"Oh, you dam-betcha!"

Saturday is the same as other days where there are cows, so Henry Petroski and his oldest son, Peter, were doing the morning milking. Father and son were broad shouldered, muscular, made for work. Henry was getting old at forty-five. Peter was still young at twenty-two. At Peter's age Henry had been too busy cutting brush and tearing out pine stumps to think about dances; there was reason for the bend in his shoulders. Peter's shoulders had the easy slouch of a young buck who knows what he's about.

Henry glanced at his son, envied him his spirit and his youth, and was proud. He was glad his son could go to dances, even if he did get too drunk sometimes. It showed the progress that was possible in America.

There was little talk. Only the rapid *ping, ping, ping* of milk hitting the sides of tin pails. It was too cold to talk, and, besides, an open mouth is dangerous while milking. Rosy, especially, was a bad one with her tail.

Even at five-thirty in the morning Peter was as lively as a colt, and the half dozen cats that lived in the barn knew it. They crouched about him with eyes on the strings of milk that seemed to tie pail to udder. Hungry eyes and pleading meows were signals for Peter to shoot a stream of milk at the nearest cats, then laugh at their confusion. Or he would aim a few squirts at a nearby pan and chuckle over their scurrying greed. The cats would come slowly back, primp themselves, and

wait for more. Oh, Peter was alive, and the cats knew it.

After the milking Henry and Peter went to the house. Henry washed ceremoniously; Peter was too hungry to wash. Breakfast was a meal of cooked oats, eggs, potatoes, sausage and coffee. An hour in the barn is enough to make anyone hungry, and then there is always work to be done before noon. They ate efficiently. When Henry was through he pushed his plate away, leaned back in his chair, lit his pipe and said "Good!"

Peter lit a cigarette. "Hah!" he said. "Big dance tonight!"

"Sikasky wedding?" his mother asked anxiously.

Peter nodded.

After their smokes they dressed for the morning's work and started for the woods. Henry had bought his land from the lumber company when it was covered with brush. He had cleared off much of it, but what was left had grown in twenty years into good-sized oaks and maples, the kind of hardwood townspeople burned in their furnaces. Henry had kept his eyes open for business. For the last five years he had hauled cordwood to town, and the money had come in handy. It was hard work, but wasn't hard work what he wanted? Work, eat, sleep and raise a big family! He had found opportunity for all that in America, and he was satisfied. That is the way Henry thought, in Polish, as he trudged through the snow with Peter.

He looked appraisingly at his oldest son. He had been disappointed when Peter had quit school. Possibly things would have been different if the

teacher had been a man, and a Pole, like the one at Junction. Well, Sophie and Stan and the young ones could go to school. Peter would stay on the farm and run it when his father got too old. It was pleasant to feel that the whole brood wouldn't fly away. If Peter would only get married and settle down, everything would be all right. The problem was important enough to venture a little conversation.

"When you going to get married, Peter?"

"Hah! Why get married?"

"Got to have a wife to run a farm!" Henry spoke decisively.

Peter laughed aloud.

Henry shook his head disapprovingly. In America, young men are kids, he decided. He thought of himself, who had been grown-up and serious at sixteen. Well, there was no use talking about it, and here were the woods.

They peeled off their outer jackets and set to work. Trees had been felled, and sawed into four-foot lengths. Today was cold, a good day for splitting. The logs split with a crack as the steel wedges were driven into them. The ring of axe heel on wedge echoed through the trees and broke pleasantly the hollow silence that winter brings to the woods.

Peter swung his axe, and didn't tire. His shoulders moved easily, smoothly. He had worked from the time he was a boy, yet he wasn't a farm clod. He was as quick as the cats that watched him milk. His shoulders and his nimble feet helped him when he went to dances.

Dances! Hah! There were lots of dances in the summer. Hay all day, then dance and drink until two o'clock in the morning, then sweat it all out again in the hay field. That is the life for a young buck who doesn't need to sleep!

There weren't many dances in winter. Nobody wanted to get married then, for as many people wouldn't come to a wedding dance in the winter and then the bride wouldn't get as many dollars for dancing with the guests. So Jenny Sikasky was getting married. Well, some girls didn't want to wait until summer. And the old folks were giving a dance in the Bowery.

"Hoopla!" said Peter, and split a log with one blow.

"Good!" his father said, admiringly.

In the afternoon they would haul two sleighs of cordwood to town. They would walk beside the sleighs, swinging their arms to keep warm, and whenever they came to the top of a long hill they

would stop to give the horses a rest. From the top of the hill above Otter Creek they would see the church steeples of Stanley and white wood-smoke rising straight up from the chimneys. After unloading, they would make a trip downtown for groceries. On the home-trip with empty sleighs, the horses would run. They would want to run!

The Bowery was the low wooden dance hall at Four Mile corner. Joe Borcavek, a farmer, owned it. During summer months he put on a dance every Saturday night and when he had a good orchestra, like Tiny's Toe Teasers, the hall would be packed. Tonight it had been rented for Jenny Sikasky's wedding dance.

It was eight o'clock and the place was almost filled when Peter came. As he went to hang up his coat, he glanced around the room. The hall had no heating system, so two wood-stoves had been installed in opposite corners; in a third corner was the bar, made from packing boxes covered with oil-cloth; in the fourth corner was a raised platform for the orchestra. The men were gathered around the stoves and bar. The girls and women sat on benches along the walls. Everything seemed hushed. The orchestra hadn't come yet.

Peter walked over to the bar and shook hands with Jan Slowinak, the barkeep, who had a dish towel tied around his waist. Jan smiled broadly. "Pop?" he asked, shutting one eye. It was a bit of indirection Jan enjoyed, although it was unnecessary. Except when there was serious trouble, the sheriff left the Polish settlement to itself, and every other farmer was a brewer and every fifth a distiller. Only a few sold. Frank Zitnick was one who didn't sell. He made moon for himself and his boys, and when he worked at the brickyard in town, during summer months, he carried a half-pint of it in his dinner pail every day and sipped it while eating his noon meal. The Zitnick boys weren't as stout as their father. Sometimes Mike, the oldest one, became quarrelsome and made trouble when he had had too much.

Peter was beginning to feel warm when the orchestra came. There was the same old accordion player, the fiddler, the pianist, the drummer. The entrance of the orchestra released tense muscles. There was a buzz of conversation, and girls felt free to laugh aloud. As soon as the orchestra had finished tuning, it began playing, a few couples started dancing and soon the floor was crowded. Peter walked over to Josie Petro-

vich, and she stood up without having to be asked.

Peter liked to dance. Girls liked to dance with him. But he especially enjoyed dancing with Ann Morvacek. Ann was Felix Morvacek's oldest girl. She was pleasant looking. Her face had the expression that comes from being the oldest of a big family. Ann was fine. She was grown-up, yet she was alive, too. Ann didn't belong to Peter, yet she did. It was a strange thing. The only times they met were at dances. When one was half over, their eyes would meet and then they would dance. When it was time to go home, he would say "Goodnight, Ann," and she would say "Goodnight, Peter." That was all.

As Peter danced with Josie Petrovich, he caught glimpses of Ann. Later on, he would find her; he didn't want to seem too anxious, and he enjoyed seeing flashes of her through the crowd. He would find her after everyone had danced with the bride.

The music stopped when the bridal party came and everyone crowded over to offer congratulations. The bride was dressed for going away, but in compliment to the guests she wore her bridal veil and carried her corsage. The groom stood straight in his black suit, conscious of the white carnation pinned to his coat lapel. The bride's father seemed proud that he could give his daughter such a big wedding. He climbed up on a chair, spoke a few rapid sentences in Polish, and the guests crowded together to form a circle.

The bridal dance was simple. A pewter plate was placed in the center of the circle, the orchestra began Mendelssohn's Wedding March, a guest dropped a silver dollar on the plate, then danced around the circle once with the bride. She would dance as many times as there were dollars, or until she fainted. The groom acted as cashier. The bride's father clapped his hands in time to the music and chanted, in Polish, "She is still ours, she is still ours!"

Peter walked over to the bar. The bridal dance might last for hours. A girl north of Boyd had danced four hundred times, had earned her husband a dowry of four hundred dollars! They had to dance until they dropped.

Peter went back to the ring, and got into line. Jenny Sikasky was plump, and tired quickly. Peter noticed, when she came around the circle, that she was already pale and that it was hard for her to smile. When his turn came, he tossed a dollar out toward the plate, put his arm around Jenny, lifted her, and carried her swiftly all the

way around the circle. "Much obleeged," Jenny said, and everyone laughed.

Peter found Ann on the other side of the circle. He stood behind her for a few minutes, then edged past people until he stood at her side. Their arms were pressed together by the crowd; Peter flexed the muscles in his, and imagined that he felt a quiver for answer.

When Jenny Sikasky sank to the floor, after one hundred and sixty rounds, there were shouts from the crowd. The young people were glad it was over, for now everyone could dance. The old were plainly disappointed. One old man turned to Peter and said, "Brides aren't so tough nowadays." Peter laughed.

The orchestra started playing a dance piece as if happy to be through, at last, with Mendelssohn. Peter turned to Ann.

They danced slowly at first. Then the spirit grew in them. It fed on the beats of the drums and the delayed accents of the accordion. Heat from the stoves encouraged it and around them were other people caught by the spirit. Peter and Ann stayed together. They danced many times, many more times than they ever had before. Ann's face became flushed, and Peter felt pleasantly dizzy.

"Damn!" he said. "A dance in the winter's worth three in the summer!"

They paused for a rest, and Peter wiped the sweat from his forehead with the back of his hand. Then Ann pressed against him. She was looking in the direction of the bar. Mike Zitnick was coming toward them, and even Peter could see that he was drunk. Mike was Peter's age. He would probably want to dance with Ann. Peter thought of running with her, but where could they run? Besides, there wasn't time. Mike swayed to a stop before them, grinned, and asked:

"How's chances to dance with your bitch?"

The words hit Peter in the face. His neck slowly flushed red, and he felt helpless. Then anger surged up in him and he wanted to smash Mike Zitnick. Instead he grabbed him by the arm and led him to the door. Two men standing there followed them outside, and shut the door.

The first thing Peter did was to throw a handful of snow into Mike's face. Then he said "Fight!" Mike made a lunge. As he came forward Peter drove a fist straight into his face, and the blow knocked him off his feet. That was all. Peter went inside, and the men followed. Nothing was said. He went to the cloakroom, and

slowly put on his coat and cap and mittens.

When he came outside, Mike was gone. His tracks led away from the road. Mike Zitnick was drunk and it was cold out, but what was it he had called Ann? Let him freeze to death! Peter turned his back on the tracks. As he walked toward home, his shoes squeaked on the cold snow. He was conscious of little more. When he reached his room, he undressed, then went to a window, opened it, and leaned out over the sill. He drew in deep breaths of air. On his way to the dance, the cold air had stung his cheeks, but now it only felt cool on his bare arms and chest. Yet he knew it was cold out. The stars, the fields of snow, the black woods in the distance were all cold, so cold that he couldn't quite forget Mike Zitnick.

During the Sunday evening milking, Peter leaned his head against the side of a cow, and the *ping . . . ping . . . ping* of milk hitting the side of his pail was slower than it had been on Saturday morning. Saturday morning seemed a long way off. Much had happened on Sunday.

At about ten in the forenoon a man had driven into the yard and Peter had run out to see who it was. Opening one of the car doors, the man had motioned Peter to come in and sit down. It was the sheriff of Chippewa County. He wanted to know about the fight with Mike Zitnick.

"What was it about, anyway?"

Peter said nothing.

"What did you hit him with?"

Peter almost smiled when he doubled up his fist and shook it.

"You Polacks always get into fights when you're drunk, don't you!"

Peter became angry then. "What are you coming around here for?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing," the sheriff said, "except that Mike Zitnick's dead!"

Peter was unbelieving.

"Sure, the old man found him in the silo at seven this morning, frozen stiff. Nerstrand, the coroner, says exposure and quick pneumonia's what did it, but when I heard about the fight, I thought I might have to take you in for manslaughter."

Tears came into Peter's eyes. There might be trouble. Was it Peter Petroski that was mixed up in this? He hadn't killed Mike, he had only *hit* him once.

The sheriff watched him closely. "Some of the neighbors followed Mike's tracks from the Bowery to the Zitnick place. The poor devil must have wandered around in Slovak's swamp for an hour before he finally crawled into the silo."

"But why didn't he go into the house?" Peter asked, quickly.

"That's why I'm talking to *you*!" the sheriff shouted. "He must have been out of his head! You Polacks use brass knuckles when you fight, don't you?"

His father came out of the house then, and the sheriff didn't object when Peter got out of the car and walked toward the barn. For half an hour he stood at a window watching his father and the sheriff while they talked earnestly together. The sheriff must have been persuaded, finally, for he drove away alone, and Henry came to the barn to tell Peter that he wouldn't be back. . . .

Now Peter had his head against the flank of a cow; occasionally, he stroked its hide downward with his forehead. He milked slowly. There were times when he stopped altogether. Henry, noticing the way he worked, pitied his oldest son. He would try to comfort him.

"Peter!" he called.

"Ja?"

"Everything will be all right!"

The cats crouched near Peter and watched him milk, but he made no attempt to entertain them. He sent no milk in their direction. They became plaintive. Still no milk came, and they became excited. Something was wrong! They ran from Peter to Henry and back again, as if trying to discover which was the old man and which was young Petroski. Henry finally silenced them by pouring some milk into a pan.

Later, when he stood up to empty his pail, he came over to Peter's side. He thought it would be good for Peter if they talked about anything. He slapped him lightly on the back, then, still not having thought of anything to say, gave him a little push. He stood awkwardly for a moment. Then his face broke into a smile. "Peter!" he said. "When are you going to get married?" He asked it jokingly.

Peter didn't seem surprised. He kept his forehead against the cow's flank. Then, talking slowly down into his milk pail, he said, "I'll see Ann."

It was Henry who was surprised. "Ann?" he asked, puzzled.

WINTER ORCHARD

JOSEPHINE W. JOHNSON

The hills are mild but high, long sloping and yet not austere. They rise gradually, one after another, and on the second hill is the orchard where knotty fruit still hangs, red and wizened ghoulish apples, and brown peach stones like cocoons. Not even the young terrific winds of March can loosen these old shrivels, though in October the young fruit fell like plummets even in the moving of a mist.

In the winter of the ice storm, when nothing was left unsheathed or open to the air, all the trees were seen as through glass, so that the sun clashed and burned in their branches, but without heat, and every bud dripped small and glittering icicles. The ground was frozen over with four layers of snow and ice, and had a crust like white undented iron. The rabbits starved, and skittered over its surface to gnaw the apple boles. The gashes of their teeth stretched two feet high above the ground, yellow and alive in all the frozen cold. They gnawed the stems of snowberries and the low vines were peeled white. In the saw of the north wind we scattered corn under the trees to fill the rabbits' shrunken pelts, but they stripped the bark in increasing circles and died because they had not strength to escape the hawks and hunters, or the beagle hounds that skidded noisily over the ice fields, shattering the frozen aster stalks and stems of sorrel. Torn tufts of rabbit fur blew in the buckbrush clump, and their hawkpicked bones were scattered on the fallen sycamore. Those that lived gnawed frozen apples, and starved until the spring.

It was beautiful, though, in its white and awful indifference. The north wind rattled the elm branches together, and the brittle goldenrod shot across the ice ground, broken from its stem. It was hard to walk upright even on the level places, and the slopes were impossible to climb. We slid down hills and crawled up on our hands and knees, or pounded out each step to make some foothold in the steel. The air came ice-down, cold like mountain water, in the lungs. There was no food for the woodpeckers. Each branch was bound in a solid coat of glass, and in the bitter wind the crows and jays disappeared so that the orchard was empty of all sound except the thin branches thrown against each other. Wherever they could

break through the icy sheath the titmice tore open the orchard-moth cocoons and ate the fat pupa cases there, so that few moths lived to the spring. But those that the titmice could not break were among the few things that had no suffering or starvation in this iron winter, and lay senseless in the dark quiet of their shells.

At sunset the orchard reflected the sky like water, and the west light changed to shell and orchid when it struck the ice, and ran like cold sap along the glassy twigs. It was somehow terrible, walking between the frozen boles in the clear light — for it was bitterly clear in those days and the sun without heat — to think of them bound unmoving in the hard ground, unable to stir or to escape the wind. All night in the poured moon air and in the coldest hours near dawn they would have to stand there, fastened by their own iron gyves into the earth. The nights had a bitter intensity and when the wind died it was like a world in which trees and shadows and the light were frozen in the air which itself was solid ice, and through it the stars were seen, magnified and enormous.

The trees were planted within a road's space of the pond and in the spring rains the water spread out until the apple trees along the edge stood inch deep in sloppy pools. But in the ice winter the pond was frozen a foot deep and the marsh grasses along the rim were bent over in a glassy mesh. The only air that the fish could get came from the broken holes when ice was cut, and these froze over in an hour's time. The willows had a gaunt, twisted look, and their roots were level with the ice, submerged all winter in the frozen water. It was queer to think that the pond had ever shrunken till its bare mud rim stretched out on every side, and the willows were a long way off as though they had moved themselves away.

Quail lived through that winter where the corn was scattered under a brush pile near the orchard, and once the dogs sent up a hawk with the bloody body of one in its claws, while the covey flew off with a queer crying sound, more sad than frightened. Blood spots were on the snow, and small breast feathers blown and tangled in the rusty vines. When the snow fell at night adding layer after layer to the already smothered earth, the tracks of field mice were stitched across its surface

in the morning, and the brush marks of wings that had come near for an instant to the snow, then were carried up in heavy flight. There was something, neither mouse nor mole, which made its tunnel under the spot where the corn was scattered. It was dark furred with small round ears, and one saw it only either coming or going, never quite in view. But it fed well, having made its home under the very table of its food.

The long freezing came slowly to a close, and

late in February the first inches of the icy shell softened and spread in pools along the ice beneath. There were days of cold rain and fog in which the tired ice slid and shattered to the pit-marked earth. Slowly the earth showed through the ragged southern banks, and at last there came an hour in which a redness flowed along the apple branches — a redness which was not sun on ice but the warm magenta stain of birth.

I'VE BEEN READING —

By JOHN T. FREDERICK

NEW MATERIALS IN FICTION

Two important recent novels show that some among our writers are turning to the rich materials of American history with fresh vision. *God's Angry Man*, by Leonard Ehrlich (Simon and Schuster, \$2.50) is the story of John Brown, in Kansas and at Harper's Ferry, told with profound insight and with remarkable vividness and vitality. I feel entitled to speak with some degree of authority about this book. For some years I cherished a plan for a somewhat similar novel about John Brown, and I did much of the reading and research which such a plan entailed. I am therefore able to speak with assurance of the rich truthfulness of Mr. Ehrlich's book, and of the fine discrimination which he has displayed in the choice and treatment of incidents and details from the all but incredible career of Old Osawatimie. The book is sound, vigorous, colorful, giving its reader a more than casual understanding of the man and of the forces that moved him. The lesser figures of the drama are handled with power and sympathy that claim my highest admiration. The sons of Brown, especially: we see them in fire-light and lamplight and moonlight, now writhing in revolt against their father's will that drove them like a destiny, now sullenly or fiercely acquiescent. We shall not forget them.

A large part of the strength of Mr. Ehrlich's novel lies in his extensive and very judicious use of documentary materials. The letters of John Brown to the members of his family and their letters to him; the reports of Whitman, the Kansas agent for the Massachusetts abolitionists, and the communications between members of that group; the letters of Fordes the traitor; the journals of Thoreau; the letters and proclamations of Governor Wise of Virginia: all these and many other documents are used directly, with the effect of giving to the reader a sense of direct contact with the men and events of the book. There is a real triumph of craftsmanship, as well as evidence of artistic insight, in the way these documents are welded into the central significance of the novel, its portrait of John Brown.

Like Mr. Ehrlich's book in the use of documentary materials, with a resulting sense of immediacy in the whole impression of the narrative, is the novel by Janet

Lewis, *The Invasion* (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.50). Here the motive of the writer was in part the preservation of a family history and tradition, in part the recapturing of the color and movement of life in the region between Lake Superior and Lake Huron at the beginning of the nineteenth century. The most impressive figures of the story are those of John Johnston, Scotch-Irish trader who came to the region in 1791, and of the Woman of the Glade, the daughter of an Ojibway chief, who became Johnston's wife. This man and this woman become very real to the reader, in their background of the wilderness, of the comings and goings of Indians and traders, of bloody quarrels between fur companies and warfare between nations. The Indian life is treated with true respect and appreciation, free from sentimentalism. The inevitable dispossession of the Indians by the whites is shown with a restraint that merits high praise. I like, too, especially in this book the incidental glimpses of woods and streams and meadows in which I feel that Miss Lewis is writing from her own experience with a finely poetic and sensitive observation.

There is only one fault which I would find with these books, both Miss Lewis's and Mr. Ehrlich's. They are both too long. I can well understand how the narrator of the career of John Brown was embarrassed by riches, and how impossible it must have seemed to leave anything out. Yet the book strikes so high a note of intense emotion within the first hundred pages, with the events in Kansas, and holds to that note so persistently for three hundred more, that the drama of Harper's Ferry fails to dominate the novel quite as it should or to yield its full emotional significance to the reader. The novel is more impressive if read piecemeal than if followed straight through.

Miss Lewis has made the mistake, as it seems to me, of trying to follow in the latter half of her book the fortunes of all the children and grandchildren of John Johnston and the Woman of the Glade, together with those of numerous others more or less closely associated with them. The brilliant and memorable portraits of the earlier part of the volume are obscured by masses of detail which are of comparatively slight interest to the reader and are sometimes definitely confusing.

COMPANY K

In William March's *Company K* (Harrison Smith and Robert Haas, \$2.00) it is a new method which we note at first inspection, rather than new material. Though perhaps no one before March has written of American soldiers in the World War in terms of such experience as some of that presented here, European and British writers have done so for German and French and English soldiers; and, as "Private Joseph Delaney" reflects in the first sketch which constitutes an informal preface to *Company K*, "With different names and different settings, the men of whom I have written could, as easily, be French, German, English or Russian." The method, however, is one which March has adapted to such material for the first time. In these pages we see not one man or a group of companions or even the members of a squad, but a whole company of soldiers. One by one they appear before us, privates for the most part, with now and then an officer, commissioned or non-commissioned, until we have read of one hundred and thirteen men—each in terms of some dynamic aspect of his relation to the war. There are those who died, those who deserted, those who were wounded, those who were untouched. Some are presented at moments of extreme agony or fear, some in trivial incidents, even grotesque or comic, a few in moments of beauty. Some are shown after their return to the United States, but still in terms of the effect of the War upon their lives.

It is evident that if this method is employed by a competent writer, using sound experience as his material, it will result in a fuller and more convincing presentation of the actual nature and effects of modern warfare than any other treatment could readily give. A book which presents a single viewpoint is open to the objection that it shows, after all, only what the war did to one man. But here we have the utmost diversity of temperament and background, and almost equivalent divergence of response. This book comes, I suspect, somewhat closer than most novels do to being the whole truth.

RECENT VERSE

I feel that Frances Frost shows genuine advance in her volume *These Acres* (Houghton, Mifflin, \$2.00). Her earlier *Blue Harvest* was noteworthy for its tang of New England weather, its fine sensitiveness to impressions of shape and texture and movement in birds and trees and grasses. The same acute realization of small swift fractions of experience is in this book, in such poems as "Rain," for example, and "October." But like the shapes of New England hills which are felt so strongly in these poems, there is in them something new and deeper, larger, a finding and naming of real values in life upon the earth. In their dignity and restraint and in their power, the longer poems of this volume promise that Frances Frost is more than a minor poet.

The love of Italy that is so strong and clear a note in much of the great British poetry of the nineteenth century is heard again, with unmistakable sincerity, in Fredericka Blankner's *All My Youth* (Brentano's, \$2.00). Miss Blankner has spent much time in Italy and in the study of Italian literature, and she has found inspiration there for many of the rather intellectual but graceful lyrics which appeal in this volume.

If I did not like so well the prose of Grace Stone Coates (her *Black Cherries* particularly) I might be more enthusiastic about her poetry. As it is, I am more than a little glad to have this new volume of lyrics, *Portulacas in the Wheat* (Caxton Printers, Caldwell, Idaho, \$1.50), though I cannot greet it with quite so much excitement as I shall feel when Mrs. Coates' next novel or volume of short stories comes to my hands. The new book is the result of more careful selection than the earlier *Mead and Mangel-Wurzel*, and possibly in the process something of the strong individualness of that volume has been lost. This book contains, however, a score of delightful lyrics. The title poem, a narrative reminiscent of the prose sketches of *Black Cherries*, appeared first in *THE MIDLAND*, and gives me the same pleasure now that I found in it at first reading.

BIOGRAPHICAL

HAROLD CROGHAN has contributed stories to earlier issues of *THE MIDLAND*, notably *Salesmen Neat Appearing* and *A Good Boy*. He lives in Chicago.

ELEANOR CAMPBELL, now living at East St. Louis, was the author of a story published in *THE MIDLAND* in 1930.

WILLIAM MARCH has been a frequent contributor to *THE MIDLAND*. His *Fifteen from Company K* appeared in the issue for November, 1930.

SIGFRED A. ROE has also been represented in earlier volumes by stories, including *Rout* in our issue for July-August, 1932. He lives in Minnesota.

The other contributors of prose appear in our pages for the first time. MARGARET LEWIS sent us this story from California. She has lived most of her life in China.

MARY P. RUSSELL lives at Washington, D. C., and *The Sandpile* is her first story to find publication. JOHN HELMER OLSON is pastor of a Swedish Lutheran church in Chicago, and has contributed to religious periodicals.

JOSEPHINE JOHNSON, who lives at Webster Groves, Missouri, has contributed to *Atlantic Monthly* and other periodicals.

Of the writers of poems in this issue, RAYMOND KRESENKY, ROBERT J. HARRIS, and HOYT HUDSON have contributed to earlier numbers. RAYMOND KRESENKY is pastor of a church at Bellevue, Iowa, and is the author of a book of poems called *Emmaus*. ROBERT J. HARRIS, who lives at Cleveland, has been represented by either prose or verse in nearly every volume of *THE MIDLAND* since 1923. HOYT HUDSON's poems in recent issues will be remembered by readers. He is a member of the faculty of Princeton University.

KENNETH W. PORTER, a Kansan whose origin is reflected in his poem, and PHYLLIS MCGINLEY are newcomers to our pages. MISS MCGINLEY lives at New Rochelle, New York, and has contributed to *The New Yorker* and other magazines.

